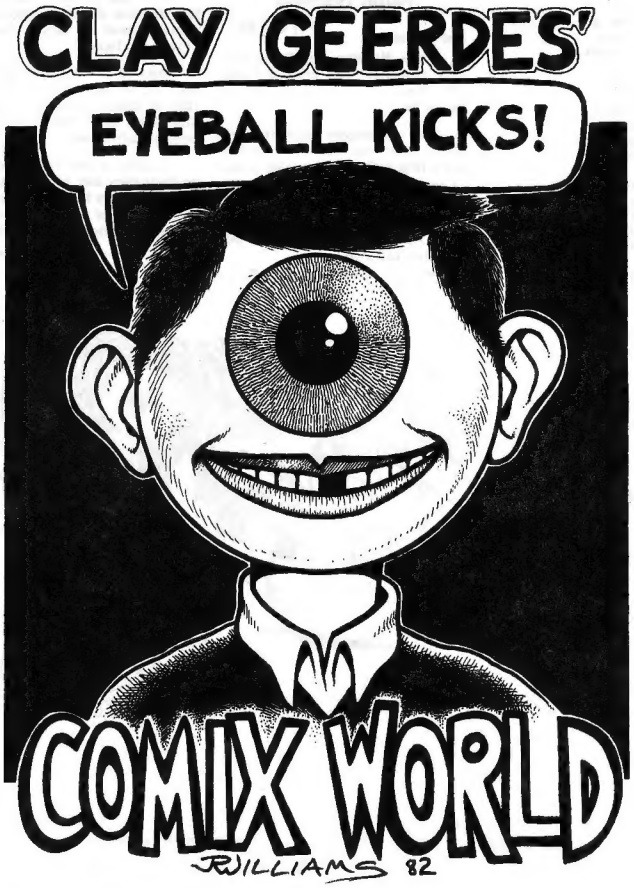

I'M NOT FAMILIAR WITH THAT SPECKLED GREEN COMPLEXION & BAD BREATH?! DON'T YOU REMEMBER ME?
WELL, I REMEMBER YOU, YOU PEAR-SHAPED SON OF A BITCH. YOU'RE THAT GODDAMN MR. OBERHOLSTER! WHAT A WEIGHT GAIN!?!
SWISH SWISH

©Robert Williams.

ZAP 10
PLUS, I WAS "HORNY" EVERY SECOND OF THE WAKING DAY...
WHY IS IT THAT GIRLS ALWAYS GO FOR THE MEANEST, JERKIEST GUYS??
"FONZ" TYPE
MIC RING
DOLLY HENRILEY, ONE OF MY SECRET CRUSHES
GREEN WITH ENVY
HEY, HOW 'BOUT THOSE "HAPPY DAYS"?!

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COMIX WORLD 212. January 1, 1983. © Clay Geerdes, Box 7081, Berkeley, CA 94707. All Rights Reserved. Logo by Jim Williams (Jim lives in Oregon. He has two minis: WAD and NOWBOY, both available from CW.). Latest minis from CW: TALES FROM THE INSIDE 8, 9 by Macedonio Garcia, KRAZY KOMIX 1 and 2 by Jim Waltman, WEIRD COLLECTOR, BABYFAT 30 and 31, Par Holman's TWO TITTED TAILS 4. 50¢/stamp each from CW. You can always get a list of the latest by sending an SASE. If you miss an issue of CW, you can always get another copy by sending an SASE. A sub to CW is still $6 a year or $11 for 48. Best form of ad in CW is a flyer ($25 and 400 flyers). If you want me to plug your mini or zine, send me two copies.* WEIRDO 6 and ZAP 10 came out Dec. 12, 1982. Available at your dealer. The new ZAP is $2.50, making it one of the highest priced comix around. It's a hot issue as you can see from the preview panels.* Last Gasp has published a book of strange photos by F. STop Fitzgerald: WEIRD ANGLE.* CITY LIMITS GAZETTE #5 is 50¢/37¢stamp from Bruce Chrislip, 1562 E. Olive Way, Apt 107, Seattle, WA 98102. This one has a photo of Kim Deitch, Robert Armstrong and others on the cover. Armstrong has completed MICKEY RAT 4 which should be out in the middle of this month, along with S. F. COMIC BOOK 7.* BACK POCKET COMICS, 1040 Aurora Ave., St. Paul, MN 55104 has some new minis: OFFICER BYRD 3 and NATE, THE TALKING SNAKE. 25¢/stamp each.* TOM BRINKMAN is doing some xeroxzines he calls PURE INSANITY. $1 ought to get you one from him at 4 Cranberry Drive, Islip, N Y 11751.*

¡HA LLEGADO MAMÁ A RECOGERME, ESPERO QUE NO SE ENFADE... POR SUERTE VIENE SOLA, MENOS MAL, TENÍA MIEDO DE QUE LA ACOMPAÑARA EL TÍO ESE... EL SOCIO. NO ME GUSTA NADA... ADEMÁS ES UN CHULO Y UN ANTIPÁTICO...
ANGELITO, CARIÑO... ESTÁS BIEN ¿NO TE HA PASADO...?
...UN BUEN GOLPE CONTRA UNA FAROLA LE HE DESINFECTADO LA HERIDA...

EL VIBORA, Spain's top comic mag, continues to be a blockbuster. Issues 34 and 35 just came in. $5 ought to get you one from J. M. Berengueur, Plaza Beatas 3, Barcelona, SPAIN. Panel above is from a continuing story about a young boy growing up in a house of women.* Watch for Arn Saba's NEIL THE HORSE from Aardvark-Vanaheim.* Steve Fiorilla is doing a review newsletter, YUCSNUC. If you're into reviewing, contact him at 307 Windsor, Framington, MA 01701. C.G.

FRIDAY NITE AT FRANK'S CASA SAVOY SOMETIME IN THE EARLY SIXTIES
FAT FRANK IS SNORIN' AGAIN
LOOK AT THAT FAT PIG, I'D LIKE TO RUN OVER THERE AND PISS IN HIS MOUTH!
COMING DOWN HERE FROM THE JAMESTOWN, SOME GUY IN A CONVERTABLE CUT ME OFF. I GOT IN AT THE NEXT LIGHT
SKKNZZZ
SNKKZZA
SNKKRD
Hard-Ass Friday Nite
FUCKIN' SCUMBAG!
WHEN I'M OUT THERE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET BRATIN' SOME FUCKER WITH A CHAIN I WANT ALL THOSE PEOPLE TO SEE "ROAD VULTURES M.C." ON MY BACK
ROAD VULTURES
©SPAIN

Tales of Jerry: The Ommed Vampire #2

Jane Oliver's Jerry is a vampire with a different twist--not your ordinary, run-of-the-mill, blood-lusting creature of the night, Jerry is a product of modern times, a hip vampire trying to overcome his cursed fate. In a Dante parody, Jerry even attempts to find God--though fails miserably, poor soul! Undaunted, he gets into yoga and meditation, learns to tolerate daylight, and undergoes the "Big Change" from which he emerges wearing a sainted halo! Jerry picks up women in bars (for a late dinner), is trounced by a female black belt in karate while hitch-hiking, and--true to the times--gets mugged in the streets of the city, not without cost to the muggers however. No, not your ordinary vampire at all--still, despite Jerry's charm, he's one vampire I'd rather read about than meet up with in a dark alley!

Hugh Harman

11/27/82

Los Angeles

Hugh Harman, the Oscar-winning animator who created "Looney Tunes," died Thursday at the age of 79.

The self-taught animation pioneer, who was one of Walt Disney's first collaborators, also created the "Merrie Melodies" cartoons that gave the world such characters as Porky Pig, Tweetie, Sylvester, Daffy Duck and the cat-and-mouse duo Tom and Jerry.

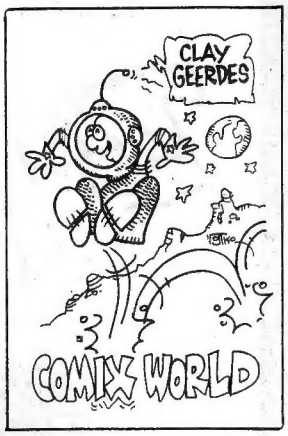
(Lots of errors, but...)

With his partner, Rudolph Ising, Harman also developed Bosko, who delivered the famous last line, "That's all, folks."

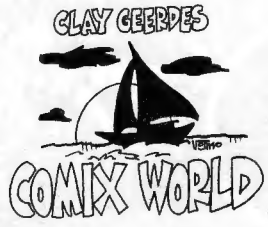
Born in Colorado in 1903, Harman joined his brother, Fred, in 1922 at Disney's studio in Kansas City, Mo., then followed Disney west to Hollywood.

In 1929 he and Ising struck out on their own and became independent producers for Warner Bros. on the strength of their feature "Ham Burger and His Horse, Radish."

Associated Press



BAY CON '82. I'm invited to speak a couple of times at Bay Con, so I drive down to San Jose in a driving rainstorm (sat. Nov 27) and I park in front of the Red Lion Inn, which is the kind of posh motel execs use for nooners, and I get inside, get my blue tag, and hit the dealer's room to see the action. Just crossing the heavily carpeted lobby is enough to tell me I'm at Westercon, not Bay Con at all; Bay Con is a comic convention and every where I look around there is mostly Science Fiction and Fantasy stuff. All over the lobby are costumed Sci-Fi junkies in their military drag, some of them shooting at each other with phasers, others with those big ugly guns Lucas made popular with his STAR WARS movies. There are women dressed in black Nazi-style uniforms talking in loud voices about what they wore to Octocon in Santa Rosa and near the registration desk is Dick Lupoff in a black suit about to go up and lecture the troops on the death of Science Fiction. I can see it's going to be one of those days. In one of the upstairs rooms, Chris Claremont and a few other comics people are facing down a crew of ten or twelve people--why would there be more? This is clearly a science fiction crowd and those guys write and draw comics. It was clear to me as the day progressed that those who put on this con invited a Sci-Fi mailing list and ignored the comics people--why then call it Bay Con? I should have known something was up when I didn't see any ads in THE BUYER'S GUIDE. You just don't do a comicon in this country these days without advance ads in TBG. For better or worse, that's the readership and the con audience. No one showed up for my noon talk, which wasn't surprising since it wasn't announced anywhere, so I just waited a few minutes and met up with David Miller to go on over to the bar and see what was happening there. We sat down and this tall, gorgeous cocktail waitress leaned down and presented us with a couple of propositions we couldn't refuse. In response to her bunny voice, we ordered a couple of $1.65 beers. All of the waitresses appeared to be ex-bunnies and we sat there and watched them being watched by the guys down at the bar. Everytime one of the ladies leaned over to pick up an order you could hear a collective sigh drift up toward the mirrored ceiling. Three heavies from the Sci-fi clique thundered in and sat down, all in battle dress. It was all I could do to keep from cracking up when the bunny went over to take their order. I think a straight family in the vicinity did a double-take about then and decided to get up and do their weekend drinking somewhere else. Beyond the bar was a heated pool and there were a pair of fatties shaking off the water and drying their cellulite, strange contrast to the perfect bodies of the waitresses who yawned near the bartendar. It was not one of their best days. Conventions of businessmen do a lot of tipping--the comic and sci-fi people don't (and I know, don't call it sci-fi, well, I'll call it what I goddamn feel like calling it and sci-fi, for me, is rather mild). Miller and I went back to the dealer's room where I ran into Jim Vadeboncoeur and Bud Plant. It was the first time I had met Jim and he was excited about having discovered some new Fiction House artists whose work had been anonymous up to now. We were introduced and I interviewed him about PROMETHEAN ENTERPRISES (to be published in the near future in CW when I get around to working it all out). He and Bud Plant had different memories about how the fanzine came about and I'll give both interpretations. Bud and most of the other dealers had a lot of time to wander around since attendance at the con was so sparce--not much to do at their tables. You can blame the rain--but it wasn't raining in San Jose, just a little, not the kind of rain that keeps you home. There were no underground artists present most of the time. I did see Lee Marrs for a minute when I was on my way to do my slide show on the HISTORY OF UNDERGROUNDS. She had thought it was going to be a panel and when she found out it wasn't she just walked off without saying anything. I showed the slides to a few people, but it wasn't happening. If there was no comics audience there, there certainly was no underground comix interest. I packed up my carousel and took off after answering a couple of questions, dodging my way past a couple of people who were shooting at each other with big square ray guns. Another rainstorm and sixty miles later and I was back in Berkeley. -Clay Geerdes



Rip Off #11 -- review by Diana Schutz

Will someone please tell Gilbert Shelton that the party's over, the '60s are dead, and the '80s are here? On second thought--don't bother. It's a testament to the man's ingenuity that his Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers are still surviving, still running the same old hilarious scams, still the entertaining trio they always were--out of their time, perhaps, but not yet dated. This latest issue of Rip Off features the Freaks in the first chapter of "The Idiots Abroad", a tale in full, glossy colour, chronicling the Brothers' most recent attempt to get rich quick--this time via a flight to Bogota and a scheme for the perfect dope deal. Needless to say, the best-laid plans of mice, men, and Freaks will ever go astray--and we won't know 'til next issue if our three heroes will ultimately get their trip together.

With this 11th issue, Rip Off has undergone a format change to full 8½" x 11" magazine size, with white paper stock. And although the price has jumped to $2.95 as a result, every penny is well spent. In addition to our favourite Freaks, we are treated to such Shelton regulars as Fat Freddy's Cat, Wonder Wart-Hog, and Oat Willie. As well, Rip Off #11 spotlights several other contributors, such as Paul Mavrides, H.S. Robins, Frank Stack (a.k.a. Foolbert Sturgeon), Willem, Reiser, Charlie Schlingo, and Marti (whose "Taxi Driver" is an outstanding strip). I probably could have lived without the "anti-Bob Dobbs" propaganda--sponsored, not surprisingly if you've read their stuff, by the pro-Bob groupies--though the other text pieces are well worth reading, particularly the article on censorship of undergrounds in Britain.

With a special section devoted to cartoonists of the Netherlands, Rip Off #11 lives up to its new billing as "the international journal of humor and comic strip art." The work of these Dutch cartoonists is exciting, imaginative, and impressive. Ben Jansen's "Pete Panty and Co" is a gorgeous and bizarre bit of storytelling with a definite newave flair. And Joost Swarte's tribute to Tintin artist Herge is absolutely brilliant! Thank you, thank you, Gilbert Shelton, for importing this kind of quality and making it available in the U.S.

It kills me to admit it--but, yes, the '60s are dead. Still, the influence of that era lingers on through such stalwarts as the Freak Brothers and Rip Off Comix. But we all come of age eventually and so too has Rip Off #11, preserving the worth of its past while ever looking to the future and to growth.

DAVID CONLEY COLLECTION is up for sale. Underground comix from the 1960s. $1 and SASE for a list of titles. David Conley, 10571 Kerrigan Ct., Santee, CA 92071.